

THE
CHARACTER
OF

A Turbulent, Pragmatical

JESUIT

AND

FACTIOUS

Romish Priest.

John
Payne

~~Popes are obliged to have a special dispensation, ex-
actly contrary to their Temporalty; as the most
Hatchet-faced Formosa, the most profligate,
Piss, the most detestable, the most infamous,
never did any more interfere with the steps of the
blessed Jesus, than those that blasphemously call
themselves his Companions or Society. He
disclaimed his Kingdom to be of this World; but~~

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The Character of a Turbulent Pragmatical Jesuite.

A Turbulent Pragmatical JESUITE, is the *Bell-weather* of the *Roman* Shepherds Flock; a most trusty *Janizary* to the Triple-Crown. A zealous *Heſtor* for Popery, that wherever he comes, plays the *Devil* for *Gods*-ſake. An Eccleſiaſtical *Granadier* to ſcatter the *Wild-fire* of Con-
tention; or, a Religious *Flambeau* to put King-
doms into a *Combustion*; ſo through-pac'd a Ca-
tholick, that he has left off to be a *Chriſtian*,
and inſtead of the *Evangelical* Duties, *Peace*,
Obedience, and *Love*, recommends *Rebellion*, *Trea-
ſon* and *Murder*, as the beſt expedients to promote
Holy Church. The diſtinguiſhing *Badge* of other
Papals is *Superſtition*, but of him *Sedition* and
Subtlety, not *Ignorance* the Mother of his *Devotion*.
He uſurps the Title of JESUITE, juſt as their
Popes are obſerved to have choſen *Sirnames*, ex-
actly contrary to their *Temper*s; as, the moſt
Hatchet-fac'd *Formoſus*, the moſt prophane
Pius, the moſt cruel *Clemens*, &c. For certainly,
never did any more interfere with the ſteps of the
Bleſſed Jeſus, than thoſe that blaſphemouſly call
themſelves his *Companions* or *SOCIETY*. He
diſclaimed his *Kingdom* to be of *this World*; but
their

their whole endeavors aim no farther. Riches, Dominion, Pomp and Glory, are the *Butts* they shoot at; and if ever they appear *Heavenly*, by tampering with Affairs of *State*, they mix *Heaven and Earth* together, to bring all into *Confusion*. Let them magnifie the Travels of their Saint *Xaverius*, and boast the Multitude of Heathens they have converted; look narrowly into that intrigue, and you'll find it only an *Hucksterly Charity* of mercenary Pedlars, rather than a free offer of *glad tidings*. They did but *Traffick* to the *Indies*, to *Barter* Religion for *Gold*; never car'd for Preaching to *Beggarly Nations*, but always carried the sound of *Christianity* to *Regions* that had rich *Mines* or precious *Quarries*, to make advantageous Returns. Not to mention their Cruelties, in Baptizing far greater numbers in *Blood* than *Water*, and making the *Gospel* odious to those *dark Souls*, by their *persidious and Traiterous Practises*; for which, the King of *Japan* long ago, and the Emperor of *China* since, banisht them their Territories, choosing rather to relapse into honest Paganism, than entertain *Truth* sullied by such *Knavish* Impostors.

He owes his Original to *Ignatius Loyala* a Spanish Souldier, about the year 1540. and though found out long since the invention of the *Cannon*, has not done less mischief than that *Butchering Engine*. *Luther* had now broke the Ice, and the *Dawn* of reviv'd Learning having open'd mens Eyes to see through the *grosser Cheats* of Ignorant

Monks; the Pope had no other play, but to cherish this *Society*, who having devoted themselves by a *particular Vow* to his Interests, employ'd all their excellent parts and skill in the *Sciences*, (wherein their diligence soon rendred them famous) to bolster up his *tattering Usurpations*. The better to effect this, laughing at the *Nasty Austerities* of their more Melancholly Religionists, they applied themselves to the *Politicks*, and a sociable kind of life; to understand not only *Languages* and *Arts*, but *Passions*, *Humours*, *Prejudices*, and (as they speak in Courts) *Blind-sides*, in one word, *Persons*. Thus they became false Keys, to open Princes *Cabinets*, and pry into their Councils, by their *oily Tongues*, and plyable Behaviour; insinuating themselves into the affections of the unwary, as gently, as malevolent *Stars* dart their influence, or blasting *Mildews* slide into the bosom of a flower. In his Seminary, he acts the part of a *Fox*; abroad, a *Spaniel*; but in the Inquisition, a *Lion Rampant*. The Mask which in *Spain* or *Italy* he wears on his Heart, in Countreys he calls Heretical he puts upon his Face; varying *shapes* oftner, than a Strumpet shifts her Lodgings; now a Courtier, to morrow a Souldier, then a Gobler, by and by a Weaver; a *Gallant* amongst the Ladies, an *Atheist* with the Wits, and a *Quaker* when he assembles with Friends at the *Bull-and-Mouth*.

He regards the other duller Litters of *Clayfield Cubbs*, with an eye of Contempt, and devours or

eats them out of Credit (if planted neer them) as fast as a *Pike* does the smaller fry in a Fish-pond. Indeed his Colledge is always furnisht with some one *Professor* in every *Faculty*, excellently accomplished; and the whole Society consists of select persons, either of extraordinary *natural* and *acquired parts*, great *Birth*, *Alliance*, and *Interests* abroad, or Heirs to large Fortunes; and the former, ever govern the two latter, well knowing how to make use of such Tools for their main designs, which are Aggrandizing the Court of *Rome*, spreading Popish Doctrines, wheedling in of *Profelytes*, destroying, weakning, or dividing Protestants, and heaping up *wealth* to their own Seminaries. Hence not only the *Reformed*, but the *Dominicans*, *Franciscans*, and other *Catholick* Brotherhoods, apprehending the growing greatness of this *Leviathan-Order*; nay, his Holiness himself, in the traverse of the business, is but their *Vassal*, and apt (like Conjurers) to dread those busie *Imps*, which himself first raised to Mischief others. Nor has it been the least skill and prudence of the *Conclave*, for the last Age, to keep out any of this Fraternity from mounting the *Infallible Chair*, lest they should Intail the *Popedome* on its Members, and rattle the Nests of the Monks, to enrich their own *Hives*. And if their own *Tribe* be thus jealous of them, what sentiments others ought to have for them, will not be difficult to determine by any that has read their detestable Writings and Positions, of *Deposing* and

Murdering Excommunicated Princes, absolving Subjects from their *Allegiance*, Faith not to be kept with Hereticks, &c.

As for the common Popish Priest, though oft he has not so much Learning, yet he puts in hard for an equal share of Malignity, being a Ghottly Factor to Retail out his Holiness's braided Wares; a kind of Spiritual *Kidnapper* for Souls: One might take him for a *Conjurer*; for he uses an *unknown* Tongue, transacts most of his Business in *Hugger-mugger*, comes in secretly, and *crawls* up and down in *Corners* like a Serpent, and with a few *frightful* words, as *Heresie*, *Purgatory*, *Catholick Cause*, *Infallibility*, and the like, Transforms people as he lists, and *fills* them first of their *Wits*, and next of their *Money*: For though he pretends 'tis in pure kindness to your *Soul*, yet still the Plot is upon your *Purse*; and therefore where he meets with a *fat Convert*, he sticks to him as close as *Ivie* to the *Oak*; and for the same reason too, *viz.* to suck out *Sap* for his own Support and Maintainance. Thus he *switches* and *spurs* an honest Gentleman, or *devout Lady*, through thick and thin, till the poor Soul look as *lean* and *wretchedly*, as if ridden Seven years by a *Night-mare*. The Reins he manages them with, are *Confession* and *Absolution*, whereby he becomes Master of their Secrets; and if they will not *pace* as he would have them, on goes the *Snaffle* of a severe *Penance*, to make them more easily rul'd.

He makes a perpetual Din of true Religion, and the Catholick Faith; but 'tis Rettitution of all the old *Abbey-lands* that his fingers itch for; and if ever he get into the Saddle, 'tis well if his *quondam* Patrons may be admitted to hold the stirrop. In the mean time he sometimes makes use of them, as blind men of their slaves, to thrust them into *Plashes* and *Sloughs*, before they'll tread themselves; and run them against *Posts*, to save knocking their

own

own heads: When any Combustible matter is to be fired; these cunning Petardiers ram it into the hollow Cranium of some zealous or desperate Votary; and having enflam'd the Fuzee of his Tongue, shoot him against Government, not caring though he breaks himself into a Thousand pieces: For though the Jesuite has out-done them in the Theory of Rebellion and Treason, the Monks preceded him long in the Practical part. Was it not a Monk that Poyson'd our King *John*? was it not *Bernardinus* a Fryar Mendicant, that Anno 1313. poyson'd the Emperour *H.* the 7th with the Consecrated Host? A Crime that might seem to dispute a shape of Guilt with that of the P^{ro}-Rebels, the fallen Angels: For surely for a Priest to poyson his God (as they hold it to be) thereby to murder his Prince, was such an exquisite piece of wickedness, that all the Wit of Hell could never scruce any to an higher pitch. Was it not *Clement* a Jacobin Fryar, that murdered *Henry* the Third of France with a Sanctified Knife, to whose praise Pope *Sextus Quintus* dedicated a Panegytrical Oration? And for us nearer home, hear what a Reverend Prelate asserts — *This we may observe* (says he) *That no Treason was ever attempted, without a Romish Priest. The Treasons attempted in England, have that proper and peculiar Mark, to have a Priest in the Practice.*

Dr. Carlton, Bishop of Chichester, in his Book Intituled, A Thankful Remembrance of Gods Mercy. Printed Anno 1630. page 245.

Yet no doubt such kind of Romish *Emissaries* will still tell us they quit their Seminaries, and come hither, hazard- ing their lives meerly for our Souls health: That they love us intirely, and desire nothing but our Salvation: and a thousand other endearing Expressions. — But *Good words butter no Parsneeps.* All these sugared Complements will but put discreet men in mind of that Fable of the Birds and Fowler: The Fowler in a cold morning caught good store of them, and still nips them on the head and put them

up: His eyes in the mean time opening with the sharp-
ness of the Auk's See, said one of the Fowls, *how the good
man pities us, he weeps to see us taken!* Alas, said the other,
look not to his Eyes, but to his Hands, there you shall see
what pity we finde from him! Or at least may remember
us of St. Chrysostomes sure Rule, to discern a Wolf from a
Sheep: 'Tis possible (says he) for the Wolf to clothe him-
self with the Sheeps Skin, so as that cannot decyve him;
and to imitate the Sheeps Voice, so as that shall not betray
him, but look to his Chapp, and they cannot deceive you:
For you shall not finde either Grass in the Wolfs mouth,
nor Blood in the Sheeps: Let us never be so foolish, so
fondly credulous, as to mistake one for the other.

FINIS.

